

CHARITY⁴

TRIUMPHANT,

OR THE

VIRGIN-SHEW:

Exhibited on the 29th of October, 1655.

Being The

LORD MAYORS

D A Y.



LONDON,

Printed for Nath. Brooks, at the Angel in
Cornhill, 1655.

CHARLTON

THE GENTLEMEN

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D. VAN NOSTRAND

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To the Right Honourable, Alder man
DIETHICKE, Lord Major of the City of
LONDON.

My Lord,



W the Roman State under which
 Government soever you please,
 whether in the beginnings, un-
 der many happy **KINGS**, or in its
 change from Monarchy to De-
 mocracy, or in its little resurrection to Aristo-
 cracy, under the *Marian* and *Scyllan* Tyranny, or
 then in its exaltation into Empire, and absolute
 Sovereignty; you shall alwaies find every Age,
 and sort of Governours, adorning and exempli-
 fying their severall Authorities by Anniversary
 Shewes and Poms to the People, who are na-
 turally pleas'd with such Gleames and Irradia-
 tions of their Superiors, and gaines at once Ho-
 nour to the Magistrate and effects content to the
 People.

The severest and in other matters most rigid
 Policies or Common-wealths (to wit the *Spartan*,
 and *Lacedamonian*, and *Athenian*) smooth'd the
 rugged Front of their power in this *Punctilio* and
 reason of State, and *Plato* and *Aristarchus*, and

(A)
Aristides (though never so just, never so strickt)
indulg'd alwaies these Ingratiations to the Peo-
ple. It is the publike Banquet, whereunto you
invite the Commons of the City; who expect
and rejoyce alwaies to see some of their money
spent upon themselves, and so for Recreations,
and other Permissions of Supream Governors,
it was alwaies thought a peice of prudentiall and
warrantable license, and wise dispensation, to let
the people spend their own time, and some of
their money, where they pleas'd, especially in in-
nocent and delightfull diversions. I cannot here
set forth the reason of the late extinguishing these
Civick Lights, and suppressing the Genius of our
Metropolis, which for these Planetary Pageants
and Pretorian Pumps was as famous and renoun-
ed in forraign Nations, as for their faith, wealth,
and valour. The Ingenie, Artifices, Mysteries,
Shewes, Festivals, Ceremonies, and Habits
of a State, being amongst the *Decora*, and unsepa-
rable Ornaments of it. Take away the *Palces*, and
the *Consuls* are no more feared, but scorn'd; Let
fall the Noble Sword of the City in any place,
and you are sure the Mayor has there no Privi-
ledge, no Livery, no distinguishing of Societies,
and Fraternities, no Caps (in daies of old) no
Prentices, no Truncks, no Citizens, no Robes
no Judges, no Maces, no Magistrate. And so for
Anniversary

Anniversary Shews, and harmelesse and merry Recreations, without a moderate permission of them, very little content to the multitude. *Right Honourable*, I therefore, being the Son of a Citizen, Congratulate this Return of the City-Gallantry and manifestation of her severall Splendors in your Majority to your honoured self, it being most proper that the lost Beauty and Magnificence of the place, should be restored by One (if I mistake it not) a brother of the prime Company, and therefore most fit to lead, that so it being begun in the Virgin society; it may like Vestall fire never go out: And because the Scenical Contrivement & Pageant Bravery is but an *Ephemeron*, or *Diurnall* birth and issue of one day, and so *Exit* till the next yeare. Poetical fancy do's beg leave to supply that defect, and to enlarge the glory of your day (my Lord) to the period of your year; And because many a far off will be glad to heare what they could not see, and some would willingly retaine and keep, what this day was seen by them. This short Poem shall be to those that saw it, a Remembrancer, or representation, and to the remote Wel-wishers of the Cities honour, a written Pageant or *Pegma Metricum*, and so I address my self (my Lord) to your Virgin, whom I shal labour to make as famous, as your Honour has made her Dowagable; and by this Paper-work to give a procession unto your Nobleness and Play beyond the Demians of *Cheapside*.

Your Honours servant,

Emd. Gayton.

NO more let *Perseus* Noble Story
 Carry away the publike Glory :
 Nor let *Andromeda* the fairt,
 With this our *Virgin Starre* compare,
 Nor Let *St. George* (though *Englands* Saint)
 Of his *Grand Legend* longer vaunt :
 Nor let the Maid, whom Dragon green,
 (The fairest Monster ever seen)
 For killing Maids, and such prey stealing,
 If we may credit Doctor *Heyling* :
 Let not that Maid, nor any other,
 (Alwaies except the *Virgin-Mother*)
 Stand in so great *Italicâ*
 As Do's the *Virgin of this day*.
 That Virgin Sacrifice that dy'd
 With Vaile unvaild, and Zone unty'd, [*Jeptb.*]
 Upon her Fathers Oath ill made,
 And worse perform'd, aside belayd ;
 And that of *Iphigenia*
 (If those be two) they must give way :
 And *Lipsius-Virgin* in his Gown
 Is by our Virgins Dresse put down.
 (Alas his Gown could nought procure,
 Criticks and Poets still are poore !)
 See how she rides ! See how she comes !
 Alarum'd in with Fifes and Drumms :
 Not *Venus* with the bribed Winds
 Blowing her Hair (the Snare of minds)

And all her fluttering blind array
 Of *Cupids*, that fore-run the way;
 Not in her richest Pearly Shell,
 Nor yet *Proserpina* for Hell
 When the great Lord of wealth (her love)
 Did all the Intrals of his Earth improve,
 To catch (the not so taken Maid)
 In's *Ebon* Carre made Light afraid,
 And richest Stones, benighted day,
 Did so much Gallantry display :
 As when our Virgin and her Pages,
 The Pride of this, the talke of Ages
 That are to come, did passe the street
 In Satten all from head to feet;
 'And every Virgin who stood by,
 'Wish'd secretly, O would that I
 'Were of the Mercers Company!

The sight was rare, but envious clouds,
 The glorious day in shows beshrowds;
 And Winds in Malice, or in Love
 To sport or court her highly strove.
 Avaunt you hollow Issue of the Earth,
 And Mountaines vast unruly Birth,
 Play with our Navall fights and toss
 The Barges; there's the smaller losse:
 Prostrate your selves before that Barge
 That carries now the Cities Charge;
 Those

The City
 Barges
 in the
 Thames.

Those red white streamers now are come,
 And do command you to be dumb,
 Or if you'll blow, your breath dispose,
 To fill them like the red white Rose:
 That all the *Asure* Thames may tell,
 The Mayor is comming by the smell.
 Will you not cease? then Canons rore,
 And fire them off from *Lambeth* shore.
 The Winds they are but foure, and you
 Are thirty strong, in open view.
 Gunner the Linstock straight prepare,
 And we will thin foule winds to aire:
 Or if our Virgin do desire,
 Wee'l turne you all from aire to fire.
 When so translated you will be
 More like unto Virginitie.
 For Rain, and Earth, and Winds are gross,
 But rarified they lose their drosse:
 Then you will proper Convoys be
 For this great Act of Charity:
 Which is of Love a gratefull strife,
 To deck a Virgin for a Wife?
 And by the Trophies of an houre,
 To make her a perpetual Dower.
 Which makes the Virgins who stood by
 Wish heartily, O would that I
 Were of the Mercers Company,

The Lord
 Mayors
 Barge.

All the
 Grest of
 the Bar-
 gers in
 blow.

thirty
 Canons
 went off.

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CHECK

TO THE

Loftie Linguist.

Mason
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OR

*The imprudency of a Smooth Tongu'd
Pastour plainly made Manifest.*

In a Review of Sevrall Assertions
given forth by George Scortrith a pretended
Minister of the Gospel in Lincolne. Upon a
Providentiall Discourse there, betwixt Him, and
one ROBERT CRAVEN, whom
the World calls a Quaker.

JEREMY IO. 21.



*The Pastours are become Eruitish, and have not sought the
Lord, Therefore they shall not Prosper, and all their Flocks
shall be scattered.*



W. Nodding LONDON;

Printed for Giles Calvert at the Black Spread Eagle
at the West end of Pauls. 1655.

W. Nodding